

# COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT,



## AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.

LEVI L. TATE, EDITOR.

"TO HOLD AND TRIM THE TORCH OF TRUTH AND WAVER IT O'er THE DARKENED EARTH."

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#### Select Poetry.

##### The Union and Constitution Forever.

Men and brothers of old Keystone, Give an ear while I relate A thing or two, worth hearing, For the honor of our State; A draft will be upon you soon, Severely it will blow, Old Abe needs assistance now, The question 's will you go I sound the democratic bugle, 'Till through the night north, The notes shall ring out clearly, From this day, and henceforth; Peace, peace, shall be our motto, We'll let them fight who will, Our homes to us are dearer, We've no enemies to kill. Once for the old Constitution, The Union, and the laws, We'll have rally'd round the standard, And would never have made a pause; But that time has passed forever; Since the President's proclam Has shown us traitor spirits, The Union's but a name. They would tear the Constitution Forever in the dust; They would be despotic rulers, They would tell us, fight we must; But there burns within our bosoms A spark of freedom yet, That can never be extinguished 'Till life's sun's forever set. Freemen, rally round your standard: To your country's right be true; Raise on high your sacred emblem, The old red, white, and blue; With the good old charter for our guide, Securely you may sail, Though abolition storms blow fierce, You will soon outride the gale. O. F. M.

#### Select Sketch.

##### THE ANGEL OF THE DEPOT

###### WHAT CAME OF A KISS.

The great depot was crowded. The 1st Regiment was about to leave for the seat of war; and it was known that the brave fellows were going where fighting was sure to come. The cars had backed into the building, and the engine was shrieking impatiently. The regiment had filed into the depot, and, as the soldiers rested for a few moments on their arms; fond friends gathered around, and the words of parting were spoken. There were tears, and sobs, and blessings; there was wringing of hands and wringing of hearts! Wives were parting with husbands; mothers were parting with sons; and fathers were bidding good-bye to brothers; and fathers were speaking the last word of caution and care. It was a season of painful anxiety; for the departing ones were going away with their life in their hands, and the offering on the battle altar might speedily be made. Corporal Walter Evermond, leaned upon his rifle and gazed upon the scene. No one came to kiss him—none to bid him farewell. Not over one and twenty was Corporal Evermond. He had a fresh, handsome face, and a bright, pure eye; and his frame was one of those marvels wherein a magnificent physical structure is developed with a small body. "I declare, said the corporal, wiping a bit of moisture from his eyes, 'I am glad that I have nobody here to weep and sob for me. 'Yet,' he added with a longing look, it would be pleasant to bear away one parting kiss! But I shan't get it. 'I'll kiss you if you'll let me!' Walter Evermond felt a hand upon his arm; and the prettiest, sweetest face he had ever seen beamed up with a smile. 'I'll kiss you sir!' And the girl placed both hands upon his shoulder, and pressed her lips upon his blooming cheek. 'Thank you! bless you!' 'Fall in! Fall in!' The Corporal pressed the hand of the beautiful girl, gave one more look into her beaming face, and then fell into line; and ere long the cars rolled out of the depot, bearing the volunteers toward the field where patriot duty called them. In a little while the train was out of sight around the turn, and the throng of friends gradually dispersed. 'Nellie, I'm astonished at you!' 'Astonished at me?' repeated Nellie Preston, looking up into the face of John Gainsford, who walked by her side to a carriage. 'Yes. How could you do such a thing? Such a thing as that?' 'As kiss that fellow at the depot. Goodness gracious! what were you thinking of?' 'I was thinking,' replied Nellie with a perceptible blush of feeling, that he might be a poor, motherless, sisterless boy, who had no one in the world to love him. 'And so you thought you'd love him eh?' 'I love all those brave men who have gone out to offer up their lives for their country's welfare!' said the girl, with deep emotion, 'I never knew how well I loved my own brother, until I saw him go away to-day. I hope God may keep him and bring him back to us in safety.' 'Did you notice,' said Mr. Gainsford, after a pause, 'that your foolish behaviour caused considerable remark?' 'I'd rather you would not say anything more about that, Mr. Gainsford.' 'You are ashamed of it, eh?' 'I am ashamed of you sir, you need not help me. I can get into my carriage alone!' Two days after this Judge Preston came home looking very thoughtful. After tea he called Nellie to him, and a-ked her if she had made up her mind to be the wife of John Gainsford. 'I have made up my mind that I will not be his wife.' Was her prompt reply. 'I have no wish to urge you my child.' 'I do not love him, father; and I should prefer to have no more intimacy with him. He is unkind to his poor sister, and he might be unkind to me.' 'You are right my daughter, and I am now free to confess that I am pleased with your decision. Almost the last thing your brother said to me before he left with his company was that you would not kiss John Gainsford's brother-in-law. He knows Gainsford well, and has no respect for him.' The Judge kissed his child, and the matter was settled. Grainford was the son of one of his oldest friends, and thus intimacy had commenced; and he had been willing for his daughter's sake to try the young man but he felt a sense of relief now that the trial was over. George Preston, the Judge's only son, had gone as Captain of a company; and the family watched anxiously for the news that was to bear to them intelligence of the movement of the 1st regiment. By and-by intelligence came. The regiment was at Bull's Bluff. The regiment had been under fire the whole of that terrible day; and a fearful havoc had been made in its ranks. Where was George? O, how anxious was Nellie Preston now! More than ever did she know that she loved her brother. 'Ha! Good news. George is safe. The Judge came home with an evening paper, and handed it to Nellie, pointed with his finger to the paragraph she was to read,—She read as follows: 'Captain Preston, after having been exposed to a merciless fire for four consecutive hours, was one of the last to swim the river. He made his way down the Bluff, and was assisted by some of his wounded comrades, when the enemy poured down upon him. He was surrounded, and would have been slain, but for the heroic bravery and devotion of a sergeant of his company. The sergeant, whose name was Walter Evermond, seeing the captain in danger spring to his side, and with his revolver shot down three men who were pressing upon him. When they gained the water Captain Preston had received a wound in the shoulder, which rendered it impossible for him to swim; but Evermond did not forsake him. The noble fellow clung to his captain like a brother, and succeeded in getting him safely over the river. We are happy to state that Captain Preston's wound is not dangerous.' 'O! Heaven bless the noble sergeant!' ejaculated Nellie, as she finished reading the account. And her father joined her with his whole soul. Later in the evening a curious thought worked its way into Nellie Preston's mind. She wished the man who had saved her brother's life so bravely had only been a corporal! And that she wondered where that fair-faced bright-eyed soldier was whom she kissed at the depot. She wished that she knew his name. It would be a satisfaction to know how he fared. She hoped he was safe. Ere long a letter came from George, in which he gave a thrilling account of the battle. He spoke of Sergeant Walter Evermond as he would have spoken of a brother. 'He saved my life at the risk

of his own,' he wrote: 'and but for him you would have no son living to write this; and Nellie would have no brother.' There was a postscript in the letter as follows: 'P. S.—Walter Evermond has just received the Commission of Second Lieutenant.' The winter wore away, and George, in his letters to his sister frequently spoke of Walter Evermond as of a very dear friend. At length came a letter with the following passage: 'My dear father and sister, give me joy, I am a Major, and my commission dates from the day of Bull's Bluff. My dear friend Evermond is captain of my old company; and a better soldier does not live; and there cannot be a truer friend.' Once more the Judge and his daughter were anxious. Then came the bloody field of Williamsburg; but George was not called in that battle. At length, however, came tidings of another bloody fray in which our regiment was engaged. Fair Oaks! The list of the killed and wounded lagged; but a letter from George was received. He was alive, but badly wounded. 'Our Colonel was struck down,' he wrote 'early in the engagement. I had been acting as Lieutenant-Colonel for some time, and the command devolved upon me. I was following the lead of the gallant Howard, when a bullet passed through my thigh. Captain Evermond was on the right of the regiment and I had just time to pass the command over to him when the clash of the final charge came. I was faint and dizzy; but I saw him dash on at the head of our noble regiment; and the shout of victory struck my ear as I was carried from the field. Late at night Captain Evermond was borne into our quarters severely wounded by a saber cut on the shoulder. He had a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy over a battery; and he took it, and held it.' Three weeks a towards another letter came. 'Dear Nellie, I am coming home. I have a furlough for forty days. Capt. Evermond is coming with me. Our wounds are doing well.' The train arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. Major Preston came from the car upon his crutches, and his father was there to receive him. Nellie had not come down. Big proud tears coursed down the old man's face as he heard the glad shouts that welcomed his noble boy; and for a while his son was monopolized by the multitude. 'Where is your friend Evermond, asked the Judge as they moved toward the carriage. 'O, he will be with us this evening—He had to stop see to a friend on the way, and will come on the next train. I told him our carriage should be on hand for him.' A joyful moment it was for Nellie Preston when she threw her arms around the neck of her returned brother. O, she knew now how much—how very much she loved him. What numberless questions were asked and how eagerly were the answers listened to. By and by Nellie asked after Captain Evermond. 'Oh,' she cried, 'I hope he is not old and ugly, for I want to love him.' 'Not very old,' said George, with a smile; 'and not very ugly. But there is a curious circumstance connected with his experience as a soldier, which is worth relating. He told the story to me with tears in his eyes. After the affair at Bull's Bluff we were like brothers. Evermond is an orphan; without father or mother, brother or sister. He has a splendid education, which he owes to an old aunt, who intended him for a minister; but his disposition did not lead him that way, and he started to study law. His aunt withdrew her favor, and he was left to struggle alone. He was in danger of becoming dissipated, when the thought struck him that he would enlist. He enlisted as a private in the company of which I was captain. While we were waiting at the depot on the morning when we left for the seat of war Evermond stood alone, gazing upon the scenes of weeping and blessing; and as the thought passed through his mind that he was received from the pain of parting with his friends, he felt thankful, and expressed himself to that effect. Yet, he said, he felt that it would be a blessing to bear away one friendly kiss that he could remember as coming from a sister. He said this aloud, and in a moment a young girl—he says the most beautiful girl he ever saw—put her hands upon his shoulder, and kissed him upon

the cheek. He had just time to bless the angel, when the order came to fall in. I think that girl who gave Walter Evermond that kiss did a glorious deed. He assures me that it made him all that he is. He says that the memory of that sweet faced girl to high and holy resolves; and that he had sworn within himself that he would never do a deed that would cause that girl to blush that she had kissed him, even were she a daughter of a king.' 'You said he was a private there?' remarked Nellie. 'No,—he was corporal then. He was made corporal very shortly after he enlisted and before he had been in a camp a week in Maryland, he was made a sergeant. But my sister, what is the matter?' 'Mercy!—you look pale.' 'Oh!' whispered Nellie, hiding her face with her hands, 'what dreadful thing!' 'My,—I thought this story of Evermond would attract your thoughts from the darker themes.' 'So it does in a measure, George; but I cannot help my feeling.' George Preston, never mistrusting, never dreaming, that his sweet sister had ever seen Walter Evermond, drew his arm around her and gave her a brother's kiss. At eight o'clock in the evening the coach was sent to the depot, and at half past eight it returned. Nellie left the parlor, and hid away to her own room. Her heart was in a flutter, and her face was burning. It might be possible that she had never seen Capt. Evermond; but she did not think it probable. What should she do? How should she meet him?—Twice had she attempted to tell her brother of her own adventure at the depot on that memorable morning; but she could not. Major Preston, upon his crutches, went to the door, and welcomed Capt. Evermond, who carried his right arm in a sling. The old Judge welcomed the hero as another son; and he was surprised when he found that the Capt. was a fair faced, handsome youth just upon the opening stage of manhood. But where was Nellie? The bell was rung and a servant was sent in quest of her. At length she came, trembling at every point, but her father and brother did not notice it. 'NELLIE, my sister,' cried George, 'here is our dear friend, WALTER EVERMOND!' The Captain advanced with a quick step, and had half extended his hand, when he stopped as though he had been shot. 'Good angels!' he gasped; 'what is this. This your sister?' With a mighty effort Nellie smiled and put forth both her hands. 'Aha!' exclaimed George, lifting his crutches from the floor, and stamping them down with wonderful energy, 'I think I can see through it now! Say, Walter—tell me—tell me—is this your angel?' 'Ten thousand blessings upon her head!' murmured the brave youth, while the tears started down his cheeks. 'I did not dream of this.' Then he dashed the tears away and extended his hand. 'Lady,' he said, 'you will excuse my left hand, I know!' 'Goodness mercy on me!' exclaimed the old man, who began to see through it, 'Nellie, is this the soldier you kissed at the depot?' Again the poor girl came near losing herself; but she made one more struggle and was successful. 'Yes, sir,' she said, 'Capt. Evermond and I have met once before.' It was a curious position for both the Captain and the maiden. 'Hold on,' cried the major with another thump of his crutches. 'I have it. I know how awkward it is; and it I had mistrusted, so much as by a thought, that my own sweet sister was the incidental angel of the depot, I should have prepared the way for this meeting. But see how nice I'll fix it; and you Nellie, are my sister by right of birth; and you Walter, are my brother by every tie of love and gratitude. So of course you two are brother and sister.' 'Capital!' exclaimed the Judge. 'And now for enjoyment. Come Walter give your sister a seat, and we'll talk of the times that tried our souls!' Ah the present was a time that tried Nellie's soul; but it was a happy, blissful trial. Late at night they prepared to retire. The two soldiers were left alone after the rest had gone to bed; for they were used to helping each other. The major cared

the captain's shoulder; and the captain took care of the major's thigh. 'We are at home my dear Walter,' said George Preston, after they had dressed each others wounds, 'and we will have a happy time of it.' 'I shall not be able to stop with you long,' returned Walter. 'Merely? What is up now? Where else will you go?' 'I don't know. I must not stay here.' 'And why not, pray?' 'Because I dare not!' 'Oho!' cried George, who knew his friend well enough, and knew human nature well enough, to read ordinary signs of feeling, 'I think I understand you now. But we will say no more about it to night. On the morrow I'll help you to find a good boarding place.' On the following morning after breakfast had been disposed of, George took his sister away into the library, and had a long talk with her. She wept and smiled by turns during the conversation. When he came out from the library he met his father in the hall; and had a talk with him. Half an hour afterwards he met the captain in the parlor. 'Walter Evermond,' he said I have found a good, comfortable boarding place for you.' 'Ah, you have? Thank you George.' 'Yes. Sit down and I will tell you all about it. Now listen, continued the major after they were seated. 'I have assumed somewhat of a responsibility in this matter. I have even gone so far as to pledge my own honor that you will so bear yourself that the house can never be ashamed of you. In short, I have given my word that you are an honorable, true man; incapable of premeditated wrong, and fixed in the path of virtue.' 'Thank you, George.' 'And now, my dear Captain, your place of abode is fixed in this house. My sister is hostess and my father is host.' 'But—George—' 'Nonsense! Do you think I am blind! At any rate, I can see plainly enough what ails your heart; and all I have further to say is—if you have courage you will stay here. If you have further arrangements to make, make them with Nellie.' 'But—George—will Nellie—' 'Don't ask me what she will do. Ask her yourself.' 'But your father—' 'Already looks upon you as a son.—What more have you to ask?' 'I don't know. Indeed this is more than I had expected. I am dreaming.' 'Then I advise you to wake up.' When Walter Evermond did fairly awake he awoke to a blessed hope.—Before night he had resolved stop; and before the week was out he had made arrangements with Nellie Preston to live with her always. And all this came of the simple kiss in the depot.

How AN AMERICAN MOTHER TALKS.—An American mother thus writes respecting the late slaughter at Fredericksburg: 'If I could feel that the death of my young friend had been in the service of the country instead of being one of a hecatomb of murders, I could grieve less. It seems to me if I had lost a son at that blundering battle, I should have needed heavenly grace to keep me from the spirit of Charlotte Corday. Can Lincoln sleep? Does Halleck hear the groans of the wounded, night and day? Does Stanton feel the agonizing screams of mothers wives and children which are caused by him? The curse of a nation will fall heavily on the heads of those who cause our present misery, whether abolitionists or cabinet officers.' When we see Abolitionists raging and foaming about Democrats wearing butternut emblems of 'two hearts united in one,' and copperheads of 'LIBERTY,' we are reminded of the viper in the circle of fire singeing itself to death. Now who applied the terms 'Butternut' and 'Copperhead' to Democrats? Most assuredly not Democrats themselves; but these same Abolitionists. And when Democrats, instead of getting angry at the Blackguards who thus try to insult them, take it in good humor, and quietly assume the reproach, they choose to get mad at us for not fighting with them about it. These belligerent individuals seem to be in very much the same fix as the bellicose Irishman, 'Och, be Jabers, after tin o'clock, the second day of Donnebrook fair, and niver a fight. Wont some gentleman be kind enough to tread on the tale of my coat!'

Communications. For the Columbia Democrat Philadelphia, May 8, 1863. COL. TATE.—If agreeable to you I will, during the summer, as I may have leisure, occasionally trouble you with a letter from Philadelphia, in which I will endeavor to keep the readers of the "Democrat" posted with regard to matters and things here. Our ward organizations are complete; our friends have already assumed the harness of battle, and mean to do their part in the advancement of the great Constitutional victory which surely awaits them in October. Let me warn our interior friends to look well to their well-won laurels, lest they bleach in the presence of our efforts and successes next autumn. Beside the organizations already mentioned, addresses are delivered on each Saturday evening, by our ablest Democratic orators, with an occasional speech, by others from a distance. Three of the ablest and most patriotic addresses to which I ever had the pleasure of listening, were from Charles Ingersoll, Esq., Hon. George W. Biddle, and Geo. M. Wharton Esq.,—distinguished Democratic leaders here, which I hope to see published in one pamphlet, in a form suitable for popular circulation. Cool, fearless, able, and patriotic—calculated to assuage, rather than inflame the public mind—gravely and intrepidly defiant of administration menaces, and sternly eloquent in defense of the Constitution and the Union, these three great speeches deserve the very widest circulation it is possible to give them. On Saturday evening next, ex-Senator Wall, of New Jersey, is to address the club. Mr. Wall, your readers will recollect, has had some experience as a victim of administration tyranny—having endured a protracted incarceration for preferring the sacred principles of the Constitution, to the wild and fanciful theories of the Chicago platform. I shall not fail, if you please, in my next, to give you as full a synopsis of his speech as your limits will justify. Much is expected from him, and Mr. Wall never disappoints the public expectation. As I write, our streets are filled with cries of "here's the hextra Ledger—great victory on the Rappahannock!"—proceeding from the well-worn throats of our news boys. It is understood that our forces have won important advantages over the rebel army. While I hope these reports may, in the end, prove to be true, I cannot as a Constitutional "Copperhead" thank this reckless, woolly headed Administration for diverting the efforts of our heroic regiments from their legitimate purpose and desire to battle for the Union & the Constitution to the baser purpose of giving vitality to decaying abolitionism, and sharpening the teeth of New England fanaticism. The experience of the past, admonishes us not to place too implicit reliance in first telegraphic reports, issued in the advance of a progressing battle.—However, before this reaches you, you will be in possession of all the particulars. I have nothing, my dear Colonel, of a local nature worth communicating, except to say that your Democratic friend, Col. Ottenkirk, of the Exchange Hotel, 77 Dock Street, desires to be remembered to you, and wishes to see at his incomparable Hotel as many of the good people of your county as desire the most comfortable quarters at reasonable rates, as may have occasion to visit Philadelphia. I hope you will pardon the rather discouraging nature of this letter. My next shall be better. In the meantime, allow me to close this by congratulating yourself and the readers of the "Democrat," on the brilliant prospect now before them of soon taking from the incompetent hands of this Administration the reins of power. Truly— A. J. W.

THE TWO-YEARS' VOLUNTEERS.—The two-years' New-York Troops whose term of service has expired, comprise thirty-eight regiments, but only include about 12,000 men, so that the actual loss to the army by the withdrawal of these regiments is not very large. Hooker has still a much larger force than McClellan had in his march against Richmond. The regiments are also to be paid off and mustered out of service during the present month. "The editor of a Western paper thus introduces some verses.—The poem published this week was composed by a respected friend who has lain in the grave years merely for his own amusement. If the administration is the Government why didn't it die with General Harrison or General Taylor? We suppose the Government was cut with razor the other day when Mr. Seward wounded his hand. If Lincoln should take the diarrhoea, the Government would have to swallow burnt brandy or some other astringent to regulate its bowels. If Lincoln should get the rheumatism, the Government would have to go on crutches. When Chase takes snuff, the Government has to sneeze. When Welles gives his fat contract to Morgan, it was a brother in-law of the Government to whom he extended favor. There is a rumor that the Government drinks tea out of a bottle. We don't believe the rumor, so far as it relates to tea. The Government, by skillful and successful strategy, arrived unexpectedly in Washington, dressed in a beautiful Scotch plaid. The Government was once heard to say that it had not studied the tariff yet, but intended to do so, as soon as it had leisure. The Government is about six feet high, has large feet and lank jaws, and used to maul rails when young. When Halleck hit Stanton, the Government got a black eye. Logan (Ohio) Gazette. PADDY HAYS AND THE TURTLE.—In New York a man was carrying a live turtle along the street, when along came an Irishman, followed by a dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Emerald to put his finger in the turtle's mouth, but he was too smart for that. "Bat," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in, and see what the beast will do." He immediately called up his dog, took his tail in his hand and stuck it in the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail and off the latter started at a railroad speed pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than it had ever traveled before. The countryman thing his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run long at that speed turned savagely upon the Irishman and exclaimed: "Call back your dog!" Patrick put his hands into his pockets, threw his head to one side winking, and then answered with a provoking snarl froid: "Call back your fish." PAYING THE 30 DAY MILITIA.—Near the close of the late session of our Legislature a bill passed the House granting to each man who went to defend the State at the call of Gov. Curtin, one month's pay, the same in amount as that received by the officers and soldiers in the regular army. The Senate amended the bill by inserting a half month's pay, and passed it in that shape, and was so accepted.—We presume that very many who went on that expedition thought little about the pay they should receive, but if they are entitled to anything they are certainly entitled to at least a month's pay—if for no other reason than that most who went incurred expenses which would have been unrecalled for had they remained at home while many suspended their business or hired others to carry it on during their absence. We like to see retrenchment and economy but we dislike to see things done in a niggardly manner for the sake of saving a small sum which some greedy speculator will doubtless be sharp enough to fob ere long. So the world wags. Pittston Gazette. Class in the middle of geography stand up! what's a pyramid? A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other. Where's Egypt? Where it always was. What is a spring? A hole in the ground with a ditch running away from it. What is an Island? A thing with grass on it. Where's Wales? All over the sea. Very well—stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over the country. Jim Lane, of Kansas notoriety, says he would like to live long enough to see every white man in South Carolina in hell. He will get a sight of those who go there when he dies; and it is not likely that he will get a glimpse of any anywhere else.